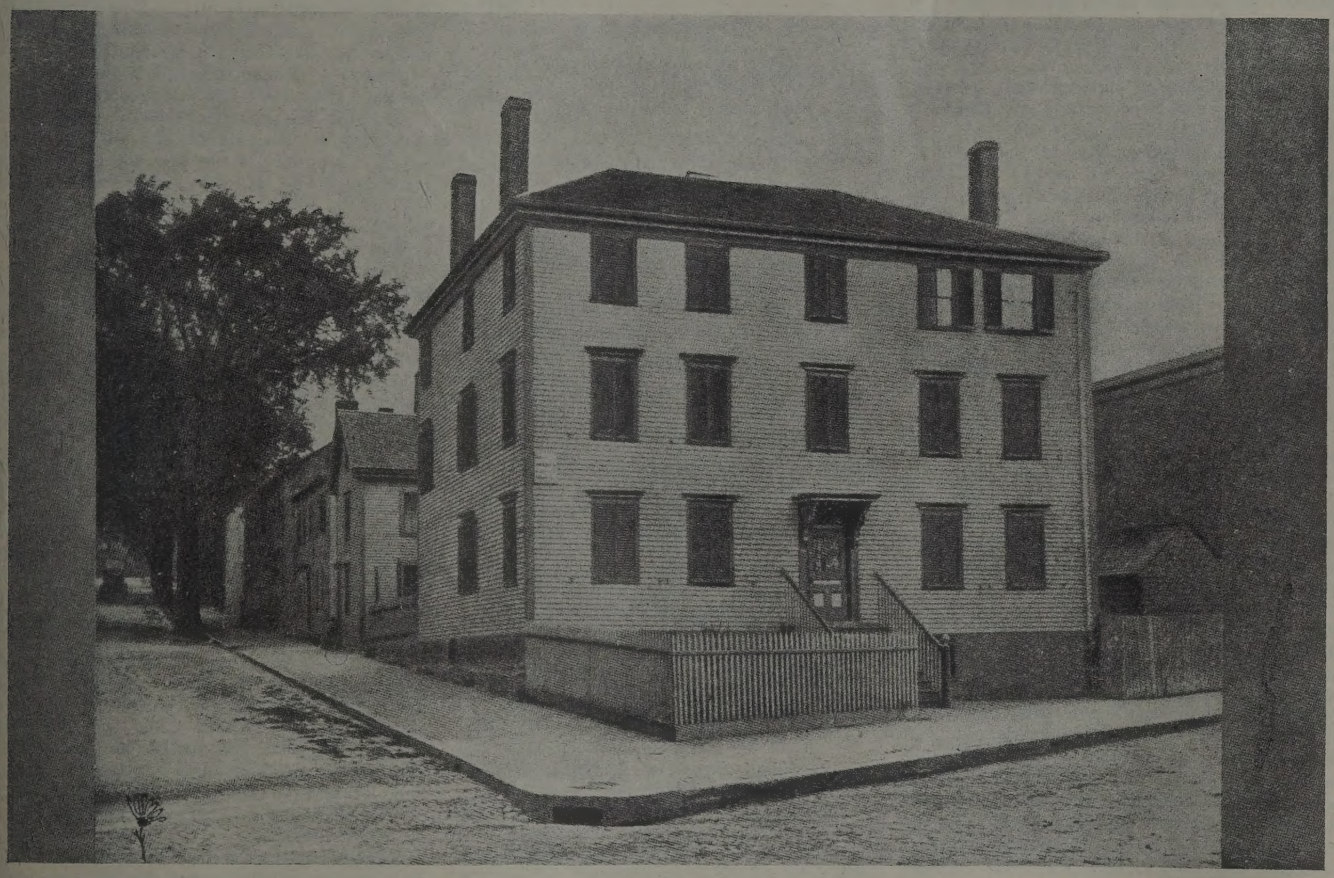
EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

VOL. XXII.—No. 20. A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME. JUNE 2, 1907.



BIRTHPLACE OF HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, PORTLAND, MAINE.

THE STARS.

The stars are the eyes of the night
So bright,
And they see through the dark as through light
All right.
As far as the bounds of the boundless sea,
They discover a path for you and for me,
A path for the world and me.

And as through the heavenly home
We roam,
But forth from the infinite dome
Ne'er come,
The stars set a pattern to earth-born things,
For the lark is a star with its quivering wings,
A star of song with wings.

And the flowers become stars with rays
On rays,
That cover the floor of the days
With praise,
And see that the heart that moves by love
Is a joy of the earth and the sky above,
A joy of the sky above.

H. M. Livens.

THE characteristic of genuine heroism is its persistency. All men have wandering impulses, fits and starts of generosity. But, when you have resolved to be great, abide by yourself, and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world.

Emerson.

For Every Other Sunday.

A BASKET OF STRAWBERRIES.

BY MINNIE B. LINN.

ONE beautiful, bright June day three little rosy-cheeked children sat in the doorway of their village home, talking to their mamma, Mrs. Kent, who was waiting for the men to come for their noonday meal. The children had been planning among themselves to have a "strawberry hunt," as they called it. Little Katie, who was oldest, ventured at last to seek the desired permission. "Mamma, may we children go over to the hill, to-night after school, for strawberries? We won't be gone long. We can take the little

milk-pail and surely get that full. Grace Patton said this morning that there were bushels of them over there, and they're large and sweet, too. May we, mamma? We'll eat all we want, and bring you a nice pailful. Just this once, mamma."

Mrs. Kent was sure that Katie would take the best of care of her little brother Don, and sister Elva, who was just six years old.

"How many children are going with you, Katie?" said her mother. Katie looked up quickly. "Why, mamma, I don't know. We thought we'd see first if we could go, and then we might ask Amy Randolph and her little brother Kenton. You see we can ask them this afternoon, and they can stop at home, and ask their mamma on the way. That's all. You don't care, do you, if we ask them?"

Mrs. Kent said the children might go, and added: "Be sure and leave the hill when the five o'clock whistle blows. You will surely hear it. Then I'll know that you are on your way home."

At four o'clock the children went joyously out with Amy and Kenton Randolph, and were soon on their way to the hillside.

When they arrived at the hill, they tried to eat all the big red ones. It seemed as if there was a cluster of berries under every leaf. They had been there only a few minutes when a poor, little, one-armed girl came along with a large basket, almost as large as herself. She held the basket with her one arm, and set it down every time she picked a cluster of berries.

Don came over close to her, and noticed that she had only one arm, and that the basket was very large. "Say, little girl, do you intend to pick all the berries that grow? Your basket is almost big enough."

Don did not mean to be rude, for he had a very kind heart.

Little Elva came up to Don's side. She saw Nannie, and went up close, and said in her sweet baby voice: "Little girl, did you ever have two arms like mine? What's your name, and where do you live? I never saw you before. Why don't you come to school?"

Then it was that Katie and all the others came up quite near, just as Nannie said: "Yes, I had two arms like all of you, but I got this arm," pointing to the missing one, "caught in the big heavy door down at the mill where papa worked, and the doctor couldn't save it. That was last summer. We've just moved here, and now my mamma is sick. She told me to see if I could find enough berries for our supper,—there's six of us. Mamma hasn't tasted a berry this summer,—maybe she can eat a few. My papa works at the factory. I will have to get supper when I go home. Sometimes papa helps."

Thoughtful little Katie said: "Come, boys and girls, let's help fill her basket. Every one to work."

Katie's orders were quickly obeyed, and the berries were soon heaped high on the basket.

Just then the great whistle sounded from the factory, and the children turned homeward. Amy felt sorry for Nannie, and said: "Why can't we go home that way? It isn't any farther, and then we can help her with the basket."

They were all glad that Amy had spoken, and were soon taking turns carrying the large but not heavy basket. All the way home Nannie was as happy as the happiest little girl to be found. When they reached her gate, she could only say, "It was so kind of you," and disappeared from view.

In a few minutes little Elva said, "Why, Katie, we haven't a berry—not one—for mamma." Katie's heart almost sank at the thought, for the empty pail was swung over her arm.

"Good, good, good," said happy Katie, as she saw two nice large clusters with a few ripe berries on. "Here's one for mamma, and here's another for papa. Isn't that 'good luck'? Don, did you put them in the pail?" And Don answered, "Yes, just before I went over to the little girl. I thought you wanted some to take home, then I forgot all about them."

The children all helped to tell their mamma about the "hunt," and why there were only two berry-clusters instead of a pailful. Mrs. Kent placed them on the table, and said, "Children, I am so glad that you were kind to the little one-armed girl to-day."

That night, when six pair of tired little eyes closed, it would have been hard to say which little child was the happiest.

LITTLE THINGS.

One day a little acorn dropped
Down from its native tree,
And helpless lay upon the earth,
A tiny thing to see.

And, looking up in sad surprise
To where it once did grow,
It said: "'Tis over now with me!
What can an acorn do?"

But Mother Earth, to comfort it,
Spoke softly as it lay,
And, turning o'er, it fell asleep,
Its sorrow soothed away.

Then gently o'er its little bed
She spread a quilt of mould,
And there it slept through autumn rains
And snows of winter cold.

But when the sun with cheering rays
Told of the warm, bright spring,
Then Nature said to Mother Earth,
"Come, now your treasures bring!"

The acorn heard the flowers talk
And oped its eyes to see,
And, stretching out, it cracked its shell,
And grew into a tree.

There, sheltered in the forest shade,
In stately pride to stand,
A noble oak,—as grand a tree
As grows in all the land!

O children, heed these little things,
Whatever they may be;
Remember, little boys make men—
As acorns make a tree.

Young Days.

OUR FLAG.

AMERICA, more than any nation, owes its patriotism to its flag. Among other peoples the national standard is the symbol of loyalty to a crown, with ourselves the stars and stripes are eloquent of consecration to a land. "Fidelity to the Union," says Edward Everett Hale, "blazes from its stars: allegiance to the government beneath which we live is wrapped in its folds." No wonder Benjamin Harrison expressed the wish for "an American flag in every American home."

That hope is not far from realization. The children who, in our schools to-day, are being taught to revere the flag which is the symbol of their liberty, will be rulers of homes themselves by and by, and they may be relied upon to adorn those homes of the future with that banner of the dawn which they learned to love in childhood.—*Selected.*

For Every Other Sunday.

MARGARET, DAUGHTER OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

BY ROBERT WARD.

Part I.

SEVERAL hundred years ago, in the city of London, there was a beautiful love,—that of the father and daughter mentioned in the title of our sketch.

Away back in the sixteenth century most men thought that study was chiefly for boys. Not so thought Sir Thomas More. He maintained that girls could and should learn as well as boys.

One of the most important parts of his generously furnished household on the Thames was the library, and, had you entered it, you might have seen a stone jar holding yellow iris and honeysuckles and tiger lilies. You would have seen a great many books for those days, and a number of desks and tables, and there, perhaps near a window looking out on the river, would be Margaret's little desk, where she wrote, besides her lessons, many quaint and bright and cheerful thoughts in her journal or in letters. In this library she and her sisters could laugh and be merry. For in the household of Sir Thomas More work was almost as jolly as play; for was not he Prince of Cheerfulness?

Many were the pets that Margaret and her sisters had to play with. There were rabbits and monkeys. One of the owls was called The Venerable Bede, and Argus was the name of a peacock. William Roper was in love with Margaret, but, being too shy to give her presents directly, he brought a marmot to Mrs. More. She did not care for it for herself, so she gave the little creature to Margaret.

Besides her fondness for play, our heroine liked to sit down and think sometimes. So one morning early, to escape her younger sister's prattle, she went out into the fine pavilion where she could reflect as she looked out upon the trees and down to the Thames. But this morning her father was already there; and who was with him, talking over affairs of Church and State?

It was Erasmus, the scholar of Europe, who loved to visit in this family, whose head was the wit of England. When she saw the two men talking so earnestly, she was going to leave, but Sir Thomas put his arm about her, and she laid her head on her father's shoulder, and listened to the sparkling conversation. Any of us would have been delighted, could we have heard it, too.

Margaret lived in a classical atmosphere, and so it was natural that, when she and her sisters were asked what famous women of Greece or Rome they would like most to resemble, Bess said, "Cornelia," Daisy said, "Clelia," Margaret, "Damo, daughter of Pythagoras." (She would be daughter of a grand father. But wasn't she?) William Roper held that Margaret chose very foolishly, for he would not have her choose to be like a woman who never saw a wedding day, as was the case with Damo.

I want you to know the story of the churning. The butter would not come. The housekeeper said the cream was bewitched by a poor old lame woman, Gammer Gurney, who gathered all kinds of herbs and roots. The mother at length called the sisters Bess and Daisy and Margaret to churn, one after another, until the butter came, even if it took all night, for the good cream must not be wasted.

The girls decided to make a good time out of it, and sang "Chevy Chace," from beginning to end, but the butter was still obstinate. At last one

of the sisters suggested that they chant the 119th Psalm in Latin, and, when they got to *lucerna pedibus*, the 105th verse, Margaret heard the butter begin to splash about in the buttermilk. Little Daisy had fallen asleep, for it was nearly midnight. The housekeeper insisted that it was singing the Latin that had broken the spell.

It is said that Margaret had a favorite seat for study out in the grove near the house, up in a filbert-tree. She was reading up there one day, when William Roper came and sat underneath, not seeing her at all. Here he began to write poetry, and you can guess on what subject, for a certain young lady was much in his thoughts.

You would have smiled to see the girl in the tree drop down a little caterpillar which had fallen on her book. She thought it would go on his paper; but what should it do but fall right upon his curly head? Her surprise made her exclaim; and his surprise at hearing her voice caused him to blush, and then she must brush off the little fuzzwuzzy, and he must say he thought he was all alone, etc., and then the incident must finish with a jolly walk and talk along the Thames.

But what great personage came to walk with Margaret's father in the garden and along the river? It was none other than the young king of England; and what wonder that Sir Thomas More (not at first a knight, but made a knight by the king) should become the royal favorite? His thought was ever sparkling and his sympathy ever glowing. The king liked him so much that it is said Sir Thomas refrained from pleasantries, so that he would not have to be so much with the king, but could be more with his family. For, so long as Henry found him bubbling over with wit and humor, he wanted him at his side.

Finally, Sir Thomas More became Lord Chancellor of England, the highest officer in the realm; and how proud was Lady More of her husband-knight, and how Margaret danced with delight when she knew it! And, if you had been there, she would have caught your hand and led you up to her father, and you would have been happy, too, and at your ease in the presence of this noble, great heart.

It was the height of privilege and joy for all in this happy home.

(To be continued.)

To God, thy country, and thy friend be true.
VAUGHAN.

LITTLE FOES OF LITTLE BOYS.

"By and by" is a very bad boy,
Shun him at once and forever;
For they who travel with "By and by"
Soon come to the house of "Never."

"I Can't" is a mean little coward,
A boy that is half a man;
Set on him a plucky young terrier,
That the world knows and honors, "I Can."

"No Use in Trying,"—nonsense, I say:
Keep trying until you succeed;
But, if you should meet "I Forget" by the way,
He's a cheat, and you'd better take heed.

"Don't Care" and "No Matter" boys, they're a pair,
And, whenever you see the poor dolts,
Say, "Yes, we do care" and 'twould be "Great Matter"
If our lives should be spoiled by small faults.

Selected.

For Every Other Sunday.

LILAC-GATE FARM STORIES. No. VI.

BY GRACE MAY NORTH.

About Goats.

FATHER had been away for several days. He returned one morning before the children were up. When breakfast was over, they gathered about him. He laughed at their eager, upturned faces. "Yes," he said, "I have a surprise for you. Guess!"

"Candy," suggested Marjorie Jean.

Father shook his head.

"A ball," "A toy monkey," cried the boys together.

"Still wrong!" father said.

"Suppose you guess where it is," suggested mother.

"In the attic," said Marjorie Jean, doubtfully.

"Down cellar," declared Billy Boy.

"Suppose you look in both of those places," father said.

Off they ran. Fairly tumbling upstairs, they reached the attic out of breath, but very merry. The surprise, however, was not to be found in any of the sunny, cobwebby corners, so pell-mell down to the cellar went they. Marjorie Jean would not venture into the dimmest, damp part. "One might step on a toad," she said with a shiver.

"The barn!" cried Boy Bill. "We never thought of the barn." Father's eyes twinkled as he and mother followed after.

The barn door was rolled back, and, lo! there was the surprise.

"Hi Yi!" cried Billy Boy, as he turned a summersault.

"Why, it's a live goat!" said Marjorie Jean.

It was indeed a long-haired goat, and it was already hitched to a little red wagon. Billy Boy was quickly in the front seat, and father led the goat to the driveway.

"Gee up!" cried Billy Boy, as he pulled on the reins. The goat started at a brisk pace, but just then Rex came bounding around the corner of the barn. The frightened goat tried to butt at the barking dog, the cart tipped, and Boy Bill rolled out. Father knew that, if he could catch the butting goat by the beard, it would quiet down, and this he soon did.

"Hop in, children," he called. "I will lead Billy Goat about until he and Rex become acquainted."

In a few days the goat and dog seemed to be quite friendly. The children enjoyed driving up and down the country road. When the goat was unharnessed, they liked to watch his antics. He would stand up on his hind legs to reach leaves, which he liked to nibble. He was a great climber. Once he even tried to climb a ladder. He would often bound up the wood pile, just as in the wild state he would have clambered up a rocky mountain.

"There are many kinds of goats," father told them at the story hour. "They live in mountainous places, and, when frightened, they climb as far up as they possibly can go. No wingless creature can reach their highest haunts. In the day-time they feed on the plains, in flocks. Who knows the name of mother's beautiful shawl?"

"Cashmere," said Marjorie Jean.

"Yes. The Cashmere goat lives in Thibet, from which the finest goat hair is imported into Cashmere, to be there made into shawls."

"Who is a close relative of Mr. Billy Goat?" mother asked.

"Billy Boy," laughed Marjorie Jean.

"No, seriously. Marjorie Jean, I think that you ought to know."

"Mr. Sheep," replied that little girl.

"In the very earliest times," father began, "men were keepers of sheep. They are peaceful animals, but, instead of each one thinking just what would be best of itself, they blindly follow the leader and get into much trouble."

"Let us play 'follow the leader,'" cried Billy Boy, jumping up, "and I'll be leader."

A good deed is never lost. He who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.
BASIL.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE NEW GAME.

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

"I WISH there was some new game we could play to-night. I'm tired of our old ones!" grumbled Gordon, as he threw himself down in a chair beside his uncle Merrick.

"Do you like to make things?" questioned his uncle, lifting Gordon to his lap.

"Yes; I like to make things lots better than just to play," he said, his face brightening.

"Well, suppose we make some gas, then," suggested his uncle.

"Make—gas?" exclaimed Gordon, slipping from his uncle's knee and eying him suspiciously. "You are making fun of me, Uncle Merrick. No one can make gas 'cept"—

"Except some one who knows how, I guess you mean," his uncle finished, as Gordon hesitated.

"Do you really know how to make gas, Uncle Merrick?" insisted Gordon.

"I made some, once when I was a little boy, and I do not think I have forgotten the art," was the smiling answer. "If you can find a clay pipe, we will go out in the kitchen and experiment."

"Will the one I blow soap bubbles with do?" asked Gordon, excitedly.

"Just as well as any," was the answer.

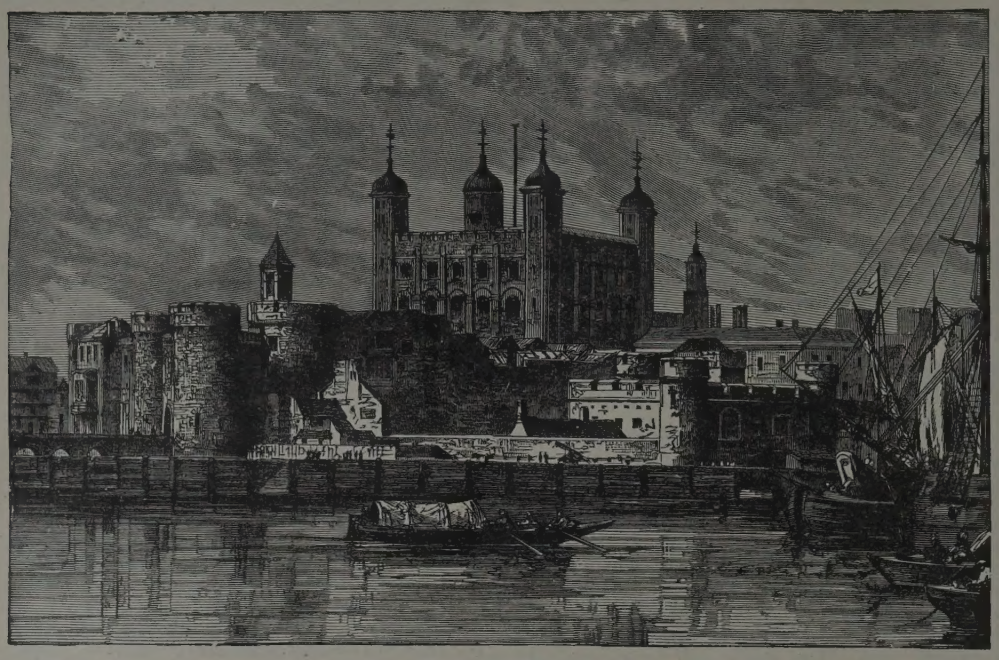
Gordon rushed for his pipe, and then he and his uncle went into the kitchen to begin the "game." The pipe was filled with coal, which Gordon was instructed to pound up very fine. This was covered over with a sort of paste made of ashes and water, to prevent the gas from escaping at that end. Then the cover was taken off the kitchen stove, and the bowl of the pipe placed in among the glowing coals. After it had remained there long enough to get thoroughly heated, Uncle Merrick told Gordon to light a match and apply it to the stem end of the pipe. A beautiful flame like the blaze of a gas jet immediately leaped up and remained burning for a minute or two, or until the fuel in the bowl of the pipe was exhausted.

Gordon watched the blaze with shining eyes, and could hardly realize that he had made some gas just like that which lighted the rooms every night.

"Uncle Merrick, I think this is the most interesting game I ever played," he said.

"That is because you like to do things that teach you something," replied his uncle. "If I had simply told you that gas was made by the burning of coal, you might not have remembered it; but, now that you have really made the gas yourself, you will not be likely soon to forget it."

While his uncle had been talking, Gordon had filled his pipe again; and as the blue flame shot up from it a second time, he said with a roguish smile, "I s'pose, Uncle Merrick, I shall remember how to make gas twice as long as you remembered it, because you only made it once, when you were a little boy, and I have made it twice."



TOWER OF LONDON.

WHAT IS GENIUS?

"WISDOM and understanding" come to no man by inheritance. Genius is, to say the least, a very doubtful quality. Nobody seems to know exactly what it is, and the so-called genius is the first to deny that he possesses anything apart from others except a capacity for hard work. The fluent speaker, the facile writer, are, as a rule, those who have been "hard at it" almost from the cradle. The well-informed man, ready to step into the place waiting for him, without the preliminary of "reading up," has lived a life of open books, and has learned the secret of perusing them to advantage.

For Every Other Sunday.

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

BY "JAC" LOWELL.

BRUCE of Scotland lay one day
Beneath a rude old shed;
Six times his men had lost their valiant fight;
Quite discouraged there he lay,
And ev'ry hope seemed dead,
For he, the king, had had to seek his flight.
O'er his head a spider toiled
To weave her web with care;
Six times she tried to tie the silver thread;
O'er and o'er the work was spoiled,
And hung all knotted there,
But still about the slender web she sped.
Bruce, in pity, breathed a sigh.
"You, too, have failed," said he.
But, as he watched, the spider tried once more,
Took the thread, and bore it high,
Then fastened it in glee,
And soon the task was done, the work was o'er.
Bruce of Scotland rose, and cried,
"I, too, will try again!"
And try he did, and won a battle grand!
Friends he made on ev'ry side,
And with his trusty men
His name and fame spread forth to ev'ry land.

For Every Other Sunday.

HOW "IT" CAME OUT.

BY ROBERT C. DOUTHIT.

ONE bright Saturday morning in the spring Macleod, our frisky four-year-old, came running into the study. He was very much excited. With great effort, between breaths, he exclaimed:

"Come, papa,—come and see it!" the while tugging at my coat.

It is against the rule of the parsonage for little folks to invade the sanctities of the study during working hours excepting on matters of grave importance,—especially when the sermon is being builded,—and so I followed without a question, knowing that something very unusual had happened.

"It's alive!" shouted the boy, as we turned the corner toward the barn. "I heard it holler."

The tension was such that any attempt to suggest a more elegant expression would have been cruelly out of place. Besides, it was about all that I could do to keep up with the short legs of the lad who was so eager to show me "it"—"alive."

My mind worked a little on the way, however, and I wondered what it could be. Sometimes snakes and rats had come unasked into the barn. Once a visitor even less welcome, he of the striped back, had been seen prowling about the hen-roost. If we should encounter one of his kind "alive," we might wish that we had attended to our own affairs and permitted him to attend to his, although at the risk of our egg supply for the morrow.

Entering the barn, I peered cautiously into the corner that the guide indicated.

"There it is,—down in the hay," called the lad. The shrill child voice seemed to penetrate even the shadows of the barn, and make them less sombre.

"Don't you see it?" He waved his hands almost frantically toward the floor of an unused horse stall in which were a few armfuls of hay.

I looked more intently, but saw nothing,—at least nothing that would seem sufficient to produce such an uproar in the mind of a small boy. There was an egg in the hay, to be sure, one that had probably been mislaid by an over-busy or careless biddy.

Macleod was certainly pointing at this egg, unless my eyes deceived me. But I could discover nothing at all unusual about it. It appeared no more alive than ordinary hens' eggs. Perhaps it had rolled out of a near-by nest, and, when the boy saw it rolling and tumbling in the hay, he naturally thought that it must be alive,—for how could a dead egg move?

But no. I was wrong. How stupid of me not to suspect it!

"I saw it there," said he, "and I started to take it to Susan for a custard, and it hollered! Then I comed to you."

The egg, indeed, was alive, for—listen!—at that very moment a faint, despairing peep came from inside that selfsame shell. There could be no mistake: it was alive and it could "holler."

The boy danced about, clapping his hands together triumphantly, as I took up the egg to examine it more closely.

The chick had pipped the shell. A tiny hole not much larger than a pin-head was broken on one side. We could not see the chick move, although it continued to peep but feebly, now and then, chilled by its unsought exposure outside the nest. I started to hunt up the old biddy to whom the "alive" egg rightfully belonged, and place it with others then hatching or about to hatch.

"Oh, no, please don't," entreated Macleod. "We found it: le's 'dopt it for our very own."

"Do you want the job of sitting on it and keeping it warm, as the old hen does?" I replied, laughing.

"But we could keep it warm someway," he insisted, "maybe on the stove—or in the oven."

The little fellow seemed so in earnest that finally we carried the egg to the house to see what our combined efforts, and the warmth of the cook-stove could make of it. Perhaps we might develop a new variety of oven bird, who knows?

In order that its surroundings might be as homelike as possible, Macleod constructed a suitable nest for our expected chicken. We literally counted this chicken before it was hatched. Twigs and straw and hay and cotton made a home that ought to be satisfactory to the daintiest chicken that ever saw the light.

The warmer surroundings had quick effect. The chick began to move about uneasily within the shell, and gave one or two calls that sounded like: "I want to get out! Let me out!"

A sudden crashing of egg-shell, and the tiny hole grew larger. The little fellow plainly meant business. For a few moments after this unusual exertion all was quiet, then a vigorous "p-e-e-p" announced that he was again at his task, using his bill sturdily in his cramped quarters, as a miner uses his pick. The line of crushed shell grew steadily longer and larger.

Why did the dinner bell ring just at this interesting time when the chick was slowly, but so surely undermining the wall of his egg-shell tower?

"I don't want any dinner," said Macleod. "I'd rather stay and help hatch our egg."

We could hardly persuade ourselves that the hatching could go on without us. The talk at table was mostly of eggs and hatching. Susan came in to clear the table for dessert. "How is the egg doing?" the question came from three ways at once.

"I think it's nearly done," was Susan's reply.

"Oh, I didn't want it cooked!" cried Macleod, desperately, and was off to the kitchen before anybody could think of laughing, even if he felt like it.

It was nearly done, in the harmless way that Susan meant, and the rest of us, too, went out to see just how the little chick did it. The chick was making a strong effort to pry the shell open, but this soft lining still held firm.

"Can't you help it, papa, just a little?" pleaded the boy.

But the brave little chick was not discouraged yet, in spite of the apparent odds against him. He gathered himself together for a final attack on the wall that held him a prisoner. How he did push,—truly with all his might and main. Gradually the crack grew larger,—larger,—yes, he surely will succeed this time. I felt as if I, too, had a part in the work, and could hardly keep from cheering the mighty effort. Then—

Back flew the shell, and there lay the ugliest, scrubbiest little chicken that ever you saw!

We all felt like applauding, and Macleod drew a deep sigh of relief, as he exclaimed,—

"My, but didn't we work hard!"

As he scrutinized the forlorn specimen of chickdom,—somewhat critically, I fear,—he added with the faintest touch of disappointment,

"But it doesn't look a bit like the picture."

Truly, our chick would never have taken the prize at a beauty show as he first came out. He could not have looked worse if he had been dipped in a bottle of mucilage.

However, we decided to make the most of our bad bargain, if bad bargain it should prove, and tucked the newly hatched chick tenderly in the basket nest that Macleod had made for it, and placed a soft warm cloth over it. The chick seemed grateful for our attention, and cuddled down, peeping contentedly, and was as snug as could be in spite of its lack of beauty.

The next morning, when we went to visit the nest, there was a very decided change in the personal appearance of the new arrival. He was more beautiful and fluffy—this ball of yellow down—than ever has been seen in a picture.

He chirped a cheerful welcome as we took off the roof of his temporary home, and, as "our" little chick stood there looking at us with bright, inquiring eyes, he easily captured our hearts.

We were glad, indeed, that we "'dopted" him, and perhaps some day I'll tell you how "it" grew up, and became monarch of the parsonage flock.

Where there is room in the heart, there is always room in the house. MOORE.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, when in Boston, saw something that filled his soul with unspeakable delight. He saw a little barefooted newsboy sitting in the reading-room of the Public Library, busily engaged in reading the "Life of Washington."

A little ragged urchin, with probably no encouragement from home,—if, indeed, he had a home,—with generations of illiteracy behind him and present circumstances all against him, of his own free choice selecting for the satisfying of an awaking ambition such a book as that,—that is American democracy, and that is the Christian conception of the rights of universal manhood. E. D. DREW.

SCENES AMONGST THE SOMALIS.

Sincerity is religion personified. CHAPIN.

BUTTERCUPS.

BUTTERCUP! Buttercup!
Hold your shining clusters up!
In each little house of gold,
What is it that I behold?
Many soldiers straight and slim,
Golden-helmeted and prim:
All day long so still they stand,
Never turning head or hand.

No one guesses where they stray
In the moonlight nights of May.
When the fairies are abroad,
These small men keep watch and ward.
Round the fairy ring they pace
All night long, to guard the place;
But, when morning comes again,
Back are all these little men.

Selected.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE PET BIRD.

BY CORA E. HARRIS.

IT was a broad, shady street in the suburbs of a large city where little Eleanor went to school. On the veranda of a small white house that stood near the street there always hung, in pleasant weather, a cage, in which lived a dear little canary bird.

He was named Bobbie, and his tiny cap did really bob about all day long, as he was so busy singing, swinging, or dancing in his cage. Perhaps some one can guess what made him so happy?

When Eleanor came near the house, she would call out, "Sing, sweet birdie; sing, sweet Bobbie." And then she would skip by, to the sweetest of music. The sunbeams danced, too, on Eleanor's yellow curls whenever they could find them under the thick shade of the large elm-trees. Sometimes they danced on the yellow coat of the tiny musician himself.

But one morning Bobbie did not sing as usual. He sat still on his perch, with ruffled feathers, and answered only a sorry little chirp to Eleanor's glad welcome.

When Eleanor returned from school at noon, she ran in to see Mrs. Lawrence, to find what was the matter of her pet.

Mrs. Lawrence had been sick for several days, and she told Eleanor: "I fear Bobbie has not received the right care of late. Sometimes his cage hangs in the hot sun too long, and sometimes I fear his little water glass is quite empty."

"May I take Bobbie home and let my mamma fix him up?" said Eleanor.

"Wouldn't that be too much trouble?" said the kind lady.

"Oh, no," said Eleanor. "I'm sure she likes birdies, because she feeds some wild ones all winter long."

So the little girl was allowed to carry home the cage, and she was welcomed by two glad voices as she entered the door. Four-year-old Bennie fairly shouted for joy, and Baby May crowed in her gladdest voice.

Mamma took the cage and hung it in a pleasant window.

"After dinner," said she, "we will fix birdie up just right, poor little fellow!"

Dinner being over, mamma said, "Close the outside doors, and we will let birdie take a fly while we clean up his house."

Away flew birdie above, while all the children followed below. Baby May toddled and tumbled, the last of the flock, because her little wings had not grown very strong as yet.

"Now Eleanor," said mamma, "cut a clean paper just to fit the floor of birdie's cage, and then you and Bennie go out to find some sand and gravel to spread on the paper for birdie's carpet."

When the children had finished these tasks, mamma said, "Put some water in the wash-basin, so that Bobbie may take a bath while you are getting his dinner all ready."

The basin of water was hardly ready before birdie flew down for his bath. Such a spluttering and fluttering he made in the water, and then such a pruning and fixing until every feather lay just to suit him!

"Now Bobbie is ready for dinner," said Eleanor; but he seemed to think differently, for away he flew again, and finally lighted on a little mantel in front of the mirror.

There Bobbie found his little mate again, the very one who lived with him at his own home. He twittered to her very softly a sweet little story, and didn't mind if she gave him no answer, so long as she looked so very pretty, and held her bill so close to his.

After the story was all finished, mamma held up her finger for a perch, and Bobbie alighted to ride back,—a clean birdie to a clean cage.

When birdie had been cared for in this way for several days, he became so happy that he hopped into his little swing, and such a flood of music poured from his little throat that it nearly drowned Eleanor's singing, Bennie's shouting, and baby's crowing.

"May I go over to tell Mrs. Lawrence," said Eleanor, "that Bobbie is well again?"

"Yes," said mamma.

When Mrs. Lawrence heard the good news, she said, "And now, my dear, I have something to tell you. My doctor says that I must go south this fall with the wild birds, and how would you like to keep Bobbie for your very own?"

"Always?" said Eleanor, hardly believing her own ears.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lawrence, "I'm sure you would be a good little mother to him."

Eleanor started for home as fast as she could with this other good news, even forgetting to say, "Thank you."

That afternoon, when she again stood at Mrs. Lawrence's door, bird-cage in hand, the kind lady said in surprise, "Didn't you wish to keep him after all?"

"Oh, yes," said Eleanor, "but Bobbie has come to help sing a little 'Thank You Song,' because I forgot to tell you this morning."

For Every Other Sunday.

ODE TO CHRISTIANITY.

(Young Contributor.)

Great Monarch of the years that are to be,
Immortal Naiad of time's restless sea,
The Christ we hold in trust
By that red cross which long thy body bore,
When the grave looms dark our hopes before,
Raise thou our souls from dust.

I know not what life holds in store for me,
Whate'er may come, I can but trust in thee
Through all my soul to guide;
And when this wild dream is no more,
And all life's pains and sorrows o'er,
Within thy mansion to abide.

Yet louder must the herald angels cry,
The King of men who on the cross did die
Yet rules in heaven,
Ere man shall wholly place his trust
In thee to raise him from the dust,
From the grave even.

The golden age long in the dark must lie,
Till thy soul shall burst the bounds of the sky,
And the bold foemen sever,
Till the sands of time in gliding by
Pass the tropic silently,
And peace reign forever.

But still the golden age must come,
Though yet it lieth cold and dumb
Over the unseen sea;
But at every waft of the heavenly breeze
Its white sails glimmer o'er the rolling seas,
And with slow move, silently,

It drifteth onward year by year,
Ever nearer and more near:
That dance of the happy far-away,
Where the weary sleep and the angels stray,
Where peace doth smile and love doth reign.
And the spirit of Christ doth rule again,
Where the little children merry play,
And the happy years glide calm away.

Robert Thomas Henry,
Sterling, Mass.
(Thirteen years of age.)

For Every Other Sunday.

THE GREAT TEACHER'S WORDS.

by kate louise brown.

III.

The Ten Virgins.—*Matthew* xxv. 1–13.

"It's the 'Ten Virgins' this time," said Peggy, as she took off her hat and coat. "Phil sings a song about them.

'The Foolish took no oil when the Bridegroom came.'

I never thought that was in the Bible. It's a pretty story,—makes, you see, pictures in your mind. The Virgins went out to meet the Bridegroom. Five were wise, and five were foolish. The Wise took extra oil with them. I suppose going out to meet the Bridegroom was like a parade, wasn't it?"

"Very much so, Peggy. During the middle of the day in the Orient people rest quietly within doors, usually sleeping. Toward sunset a refreshing breeze arises. Then the world wakes up, and enjoys itself. You are right about the pictures. It makes me see very beautiful things in my mind."

"Oh, do tell me what!"

"Well, I see a soft, deep sky—the sky of the Far East—burning with great clear stars. There is a full moon, and the shadows of the palm-trees are thrown upon the plain. The white houses, half concealed in their masses of foliage, glimmer out like pearls. The air is heavy with the scent of roses, jasmine, and the crimson oleander blossoms. It is very still,—the only sound the talking of water to itself in some garden nook. But hark! is not that the nightingale pouring his rich liquid notes from yonder grove?"

"I see him, I hear him!" cried Peggy. "But the Virgins,—they were young and beautiful, I suppose, and in their finest dresses, white very likely, but with draperies and floating ends of rich colors, deep red, pale greens, blues and orange, like the picture of Cleopatra meeting Antony in our Art Museum."

"Yes, Peggy, and think of the lamps like twinkling stars, as their owners dance along, singing their dreamy song! Think, too, of the jingle of the coins in their dark locks, the tinkle of the bells on their anklets!"

"It says, 'The bridegroom tarried,' and they got asleep. Then at midnight a great cry arose that the Bridegroom was at hand, so they sprang up to get ready. Do you really think they carried out empty lamps?"

"That is not probable. But the Wise had taken extra oil in their vessels. They doubtless felt there might be delay, perhaps a long waiting, and that the oil in the lamps would become low, perhaps utterly fail.

"Such prudent thoughts never entered the heads of the Foolish. They may have even gone to sleep leaving their lamps burning. It was a long delay; and no wonder they awoke to dim, fast-dying lights!"

"Yes, and they asked the others to lend them some oil; and they wouldn't, because they were afraid their stock might give out. So the poor girls had to run back to the town to buy more oil! When they at last got to the house, the door was shut, and they were not allowed to enter.

"I can't help feeling sorry for the poor Virgins out in the night, knocking, knocking, and the Bridegroom saying inside, 'I know you not!' Don't you think it was rather mean in the Wise not to let the Foolish have just a little oil?"

"It does seem rather ungracious at first thought; but perhaps that isn't the real heart of the lesson. The Virgins were the guests of the Bridegroom. It was their duty to make this illumination. Suppose the oil had been divided, and all the lamps had grown dim,—even gone out!"

"That would have been dreadful. I suppose the Wise really dared not give away any of the oil."

"There is also this truth. The Foolish were like many people who are never prepared, who give no thought as to what may be required of them. Such people always expect others to make good their deficiencies in a time of need. There is an old saying, Peggy,

'The mill can never grind
With the water that is past.'

There are some opportunities that come but once, and once lost are lost forever."

"There's a girl in our school who is always

borrowing. She never has anything she needs, and it's just through carelessness. She forgets her handkerchief, loses her ink eraser, leaves her pencils anywhere. We always lend to her, but she often forgets to return, and then we get into trouble.

"We don't want to seem mean, though. Should we refuse?"

"I can't tell, Peggy. You will have to decide that for yourselves. The Foolish Virgins had a very hard lesson. Perhaps they were wiser next time. It is a blessing to suffer sharply if we thereby learn better.

"The Parable comes close home to most of us, for we are all foolish and negligent in some things. It teaches us to be prepared for life's experiences, so far as we are able. It also teaches the desolation of those who will not learn, who take no thought concerning their duties.

"'Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour.' In other words, be ready."

USE your gifts faithfully, and they shall be enlarged: practice what you know, and you shall attain to higher knowledge.

For Every Other Sunday.

THREE O'CLOCK OR TEN O'CLOCK.

BY MARION C. CUTLER.

"COME, Althea, it's ten o'clock now, and time for you to read," said the girl's mother coming out on the piazza and finding her with several playmates jumping rope.

"Oh, dear!" replied Althea Ide, "I've got to go in and study. I don't see why I can't stay out and play like the rest of you girls." And with this remark the girl went into the house pouting.

Reaching the library, she found her mother waiting with the books, ready for the lesson. "I think it is horrid to have to come in when we are having such fun," said Althea. "Other girls don't have to study in vacation time. Why do I have to?"

"Because it is best to use your time to some profit," was the mother's gentle answer. "You cannot idle away the long summer vacation."

Althea knew it was of no use to argue, and, settling herself in an easy chair, began her studies. The last part of the time was spent in reading Hans Andersen or some of Louisa Alcott's books. The time was soon gone; and, when Althea went out, she found her playmates on the verge of a quarrel over "whose turn" it was to hold the jumping-rope. The affair ended in the girls going home because they were too tired to jump any more.

Althea, happy and rested, went about digging weeds in her garden. Dinner time soon came, and still there was more to do among the flowers. In the early afternoon she returned with trowel and hand-rake and was busily occupied, when she heard a little bell ring.

"What is it?" she called across the lawn, but no answer came. The bell rang the second time. Althea went to the window, for she knew the sound meant "to come."

"What do you wish, mother?" inquired Althea.

"It's three o'clock," responded her mother, closing the window.

"Oh, dear!" answered Althea, half grumbling, "it's always three o'clock or ten o'clock when I am doing something particular and don't want to be disturbed, but I suppose I've got to go in and sew for an hour." On going into the library, she added impatiently, "Oh, dear me! Nobody else has to work in vacation time. What's vacation for any way, mother?"

"It's not to spend one's time wholly in idleness, that is certain," her mother answered quietly. "Sometime you will be very glad you can read and sew. You never will have time to be lonesome if you have a good book or some nice sewing at hand," and, handing her a waist, she continued, "Now, just as soon as you have finished this set of buttonholes, I will show you some embroidery stitches."

Althea finished the task set before her, and then embroidered until long after the hour had gone. Going back to the garden, she found her next-door playmate, Virginia Lee, looking at the beautiful bed of sweet peas.

"Where have you been the last hour or two, Althea? I've been waiting a long time for you."

"Oh, I had to go in and sew," Althea answered crossly.

"Sew! Why, only this morning you had to go in to study. What do you have to work in vacation for? I don't. I play all summer."

"I know it, Virginia. None of the other girls have to but me. Mother thinks it is best, and says I'll be glad some day that I haven't wasted the whole summer vacation."

"Have you had to work like this every day?" inquired her friend.

"Yes, Virginia, two hours every day, whether I was away visiting or at home; but I have read some very interesting books and learned to embroider. If you come over the next rainy day, I will show you some new books that I own. First, I obtained them from the library, and when I had read them, father bought me fresh copies for my bookcase. He wants me to have a nice collection of books."

"Aren't you sorry school begins next week, Althea?" continued Virginia. "I wish vacation was just beginning. I don't like to go to school, for I would rather play. Monday will soon be here."

The autumn leaves were just turning a golden brown when the school bell called the children together once more. When the leaves began to fall, the boys went nutting and the girls went to sewing-school on Saturdays. One sunny afternoon the girls were busy sewing on little garments for an orphan home.

"Our box of clothes is nearly ready," announced Miss Ralston, their teacher. "But there are many buttonholes to be made. Why is it, at each meeting, you all avoid that part of the work? I know it is hard to do them well. This afternoon," continued the teacher, "we must devote to buttonholes, and I have brought this book of Stevenson's to give to the girl who does the best work."

"Dear me," whispered Virginia to her friend Hazel Amidon. "You just see if Althea Ide doesn't win that prize. She makes them beautifully!"

"I don't see why Althea should make them any better," replied Hazel, disappointedly. "She came into the class with the rest of us."

"But, Hazel," answered Virginia, "Althea knows how. She had to sew and study an hour every day all vacation."

"What! all summer?"

"Yes, all summer."

The afternoon slipped by and soon the garments were folded and ready to send. Miss Ralston walked over to Althea, handed her the book, and, with a happy, surprised face, the latter graciously accepted it.

"Excuse me please, Miss Ralston," interrupted Virginia, "but Althea has earned it."

"Earned it—why how?" asked the teacher.

"Oh! she had to study and sew every day all summer; and, oh, Miss Ralston, she stands the best chance for the reading prize at school. Just wait and see if she doesn't take it."

As the girls took their hats, and, arm in arm, started for home, Virginia and Hazel, as well as some others, began to wish they had not spent their entire summer in play.

IN THE MORNING.

OPEN the shutters, free and wide,
And glorify the room,
That no dark shadows here may bide,
That there be naught of gloom.

What joy to breathe the morning air,
And greet the sun again!
With living things God's love to share,
As recompense for pain!

HENRY COYLE.

For Every Other Sunday.

COVENT GARDEN MARKET, LONDON.

BY ANNA J. BULLARD.

IT was Tuesday, market day in Covent Garden. Indeed, every day is market day in the big buildings, which are divided into stalls and filled with fresh fruit and vegetables, fish, and meats for the London housewives to buy and eat. The people came in crowds that Tuesday, carrying baskets and nets into which they tumbled their purchases.

There were there the young and old, the merry and sad, dressed "some in rags, some in tags, and some in velvet gowns."

There were the flower stalls, just outside the larger market building, out of reach of the sun, each one in blossom, doing its utmost to attract the passers-by.

Then there was the fish stall. Each member of the finny tribe was represented, and cleaned and rubbed until it shone in the light. Next to that were the vegetables, each bunch of carrots and beets tied up in separate bundles and arranged artistically in a pyramidal pile, so that it did not seem really right to disturb them, no matter how much one wished, for the turnips or carrots at the bottom of the mass.

Farther on were the meats, each kind by itself, placed in tempting array, some decked out in white frills, others with sprigs of parsley or watercress around it; and who could resist a roast, all neatly skewered and just ready for the oven, or a fat roast pig with a bright cheeked apple placed in its half-opened mouth?

There were luscious fruits from native and foreign ports,—Jamaica bananas, Malaga grapes, Valencia oranges, Florentine figs, and immense grapes from no one knew where, which recalled in their size those brought by the spies from the land of Canaan.

Equally tempting were the shellfish: the dainty pink shrimps; the lobsters freshly boiled, holding aloft their great red claws; the homely clams, alternately opening and shutting their mouths; and the ugly oysters, which are always eagerly sought for, especially by the great London hotels and restaurants.

In another open space, outside the smaller market, sat each day a group of ten old women. Wrinkled they were, and round-shouldered, but as busy as bees; and what do you think they were doing? Just shelling peas all the day long; and how their fingers flew! They were used to the work, and they gossiped as they shelled, and nodded their wise white-capped heads from right to left. The day was well spent for them; for did they not carry away with them at set of sun a white two-shilling piece?

Ruins in some countries indicate prosperity, in others decay. R. ANDERSON.

The very plants turn with a joyful transport to the light. SCHILLER.

NANSEN'S CARRIER-PIGEON.

ONE day a carrier-pigeon tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's home at Christiania. Instantly the window was opened, and the wife of the famous arctic explorer in another moment covered a little messenger with kisses and caresses.

The carrier-pigeon had been away from the cottage thirty long months, but had not forgotten the way home. It brought a note from Nansen, stating that all was going well with his expedition in the polar regions.

Nansen had fastened a message to the bird, and turned it loose.

The frail courier darted out into the blizzardly air, flew like an arrow over perhaps a thousand miles of frozen waste, and then over another thousand miles of ocean and plains and forests, to enter the window of its waiting mistress and deliver the message which she had been awaiting so anxiously.

We boast of human pluck, sagacity, and endurance; but this loving carrier-pigeon, after an absence of thirty months, accomplished a feat so wonderful that we can only give ourselves up to amazement and admiration.

Nansen's "Arctic Explorations."

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

SOME time ago the Editor received what is called the "New Year's Letter," sent by the President of the London Sunday-School Association to teachers in the Unitarian Sunday Schools. There are very good things in it, and we commend the following "hints," which W. Blake Odgers offers to his associates:

"You must be yourself interested in what you teach, or you cannot interest others.

"You should always insist on good order and attention in your class.

"Don't do all the talking yourself, but make the class answer your questions.

"Draw your illustrations from any books which your scholars are likely to have read,—from English poetry, from English history, from current events, but, most of all, from the Bible. Do not forget the place which the Bible will always hold in all literature and art.

"Advise them what books to read at home.

"Remember that they will soon grow up into men and women. Teach them their social duties, their duties to the State.

"Above all, teach them religion,—by precept and still more by example. Do not hesitate to give expression to your own beliefs.

"Make friends of your scholars. Show them that you take an interest in them. Visit them in their homes. Keep up intercourse with them after they have left the school. They may need friendly advice at many a crisis of their life.

"Do not be discouraged if your efforts appear unavailing. They will bear fruit by and by. In this world no good work is ever wholly lost, so do your best."

Another quite different matter concerns the plan offered recently by a young reader of *Every Other Sunday* as to having an *Every Other Sunday* pin or button for those who send answers to puzzles or write letters. The idea seems to take. Here is a letter just received:

CASTINE, MAINE.

Dear Editor,—I got *Every Other Sunday*, and have studied out the puzzle answers, which I will put on another paper. I read the letter which Ruth Ellicott wrote, suggesting pins with "E. O. S." on them. I should think it would be a very good idea. My brother takes the *St. Nicholas*, which I read, and they have a department that boys and girls under eighteen write stories for, for which the *St. Nicholas* awards pins and cash prizes. I am eleven years old, and look forward to the *Every Other Sunday* each time it comes with great pleasure.

Sincerely yours,
ELIZABETH CARPENTER.

We should be glad to hear from some others about this.

Those who are interested know that the Unitarian Sunday-School Society publishes this paper. The annual meeting of the Society was held May 24 in Boston. It is gratifying to know that the amount of money received from annual contributions was larger this year than at any time in the history of the organization. Another cheering fact is that there were more churches and Sunday Schools contributing than ever before. Why is not this an encouraging statement to our Sunday-School workers? Let us hope this good story will continue for several chapters. It means an awakening, in some respects, in homes and churches on matters of religious education.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

Answers

To questions published May 5, 1907.

1. Genesis xxxiii. 24–32.
2. Exodus vii. 9–12.
3. Matthew xxv. 31–33.
4. Daniel iv., v.
5. Matthew xxv. 40, 45.
6. Job xxxviii. 7.
7. Exodus xiii. 21.

LETTER-BOX.

PROVIDENCE, R.I.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years old to-day. I go to Bell Street Chapel Sunday School, where we get *Every Other Sunday*. I have worked out "Enigma XX.," and I think the answer is "The United States Navy." Yours truly,

DON G. SINGSEN.

FAIRHAVEN, MASS.

Dear Editor,—I have studied the "Enigma" and the "Numerical Puzzle." I was glad to have my name in the paper. I got one to-day. I like to make these out. This is my second trial to get the answers. I hope to see my name in it again.

Yours truly,
CHARLES CRABE.

HOULTON, ME.

Dear Editor,—I have studied out the answers to "Numerical Puzzle." I think it is lots of fun to think out the puzzle. I belong to the Unitarian church, Houlton, Me., and I attend its Sunday School every Sunday. Yours truly,

HELEN V. D. DANIELS.

ENIGMA XXIII.

I AM composed of 13 letters.
My 1, 3, 4, is a boy's name.
My 5, 6, is a conjunction.
My 11, 12, 13, is a relation.
My 7 is an article.
My 2, 3, 4, 8, is where we live.
My 1, 8, 9, is a boy's name.
My 10, 1, is a pronoun.
My *whole* is the name of a great inventor.

EMIL MATTSON.

A FLEET OF ARKS.

A PARTICLE of fire.
Gloomy.
A pleasure ground.
A singing bird.
Stiff.
To listen.
The cry of a dog.
To go on board ship.
A ravenous fish.
To observe.

CARRIE F. FISKE.

CHARADE.

My *first* was a statesman of bygone years,
Who served with much credit and renown.
My *next* may stand for many or for few,
You will see it as you roam about the town.
For *third* some poor wretch has often longed,
One kind he would dislike at least.
My *whole*, a sect that was founded years ago,
Which flourished in the far, far East.

REBECCA STUART.

CONUNDRUM.

What single word will ask the question, "Have I sufficient strength?"

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 18.

ENIGMA XX.—The United States Navy.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.—Robert E. Lee, Chester A. Arthur, Henry W. Longfellow, John Hancock, Winston Churchill, Francis Parkman.

INSERTED LETTERS.—Fame, frame; stand, strand; led, lead.

THE HIDDEN POET.—Milton.

In addition to those whose letters are printed, answers have been received from Carrie F. Fiske and Lillie M. Wright, East Lexington, Mass.; Willie H. Cone, New London, Conn.; Freida Klaiber, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Elizabeth Carpenter, Castine, Me.; Clara Ethel Lane, Braintree, Mass.; Emily C. Abbott, Dover, N.H.; and a nameless friend in Syracuse, N.Y.

Our friends must not be discouraged at the long time that passes after they send answers, letters, or puzzles before they appear in print. Wait patiently. Your communication will receive attention as soon as possible. But the material, or "copy," as we call it, is sent to the printer, and each issue of the paper is made up a long time before the date it bears. For instance, one set of answers acknowledged in this number was received in April, and this is the very first chance we have had to publish the name.

NOTHING is truer than that all the dullest moments of life are those in which we have no one but ourselves to work for or to please, and that all the highest, most delightful moments of life are those in which our thoughts and energies are carried away in boundless love and service of others.

H. ENFIELD DOWSON.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

REV. EDWARD A. HORTON, EDITOR.

(A BI-WEEKLY).

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